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"THE TRUTH."

The great immutable principle of truth is all too frequently purported to be confined to certain limitations, when the facts are that it finds expressions in every atom and molecule of Nature and at every turn and angle in all phases of life, whether it be in the lower or higher forms of the animal kingdom.

We are wont at times to think that only expressions of truth emanate from pulpits and other auxiliary organizations of the Christian world. No more erroneous impression could possibly find lodgement in the mind of any man. The truth is as much the truth if expressed in a hoarse cry in a palace and maintains the same proportion between what is right and what is wrong, when spoken by a pauper as by a prince.

The one great end toward which all the world is striving, even if part of that striving is unconscious, is the truth.

To disseminate and practice subtle forms of concealment is worse than open vice and inherent viciousness. Be the very best you can, but above all things be what you are.

"OUR VACATION."

Vacation is upon us and the all absorbing question is how shall we spend it. To those who enjoy a superfluous amount of this world's goods the reply is obvious. They have so many opportunities afforded them that it becomes a matter of knowing which to refuse. But to others not so fortunately placed, it becomes altogether a matter of choosing, while with those yet still more unfortunate, there is neither choice nor refusal.

In position, however, need not hinder any of us from enjoying to the fullest extent what our station of life allows us to afford. Sunshine and pleasure, as well as no mean degree of comfort can be enjoyed by those unable to hide themselves away, as well as those who have this privilege. If you are deprived of a vacation do not fume and fret, but just be patient and inject spirit and competency into your work, possessing yourself in patience and you will find the lot, not as hard as one you had anticipated. At least, you will have the consolation of knowing that you are some sheikels better off than you would have been had your position in life permitted you to introduce yourself into the realm of luxury and ease for these few hot months to come.

"THE SPRING GRADUATE."

This is the time of the year when the young man's, and the young woman's for that matter, fancy turns lightly to thoughts of love and the graduates are abroad in the land. The young man, fresh from the rooms of the classics and professional laboratories looks at you with a quizzical air when you interrogate him as to what vocation he thinks he might follow and assuming a beautiful pose draws out in tones of superior importance, that he has not quite decided as yet and that after having spent so much time and money as well, it behooves him to be very deliberate in the selection of his location as well as his avocation. The sweet young lady graduate smiles upon you suavely and shyly rejoins to a similar inquiry, that she hopes to take up some special line of work and pursue it to that point where her name and fame will ring in all of the four quarters of the earth. Blessed unsophisticated larks, these. Yet it were well that entered in this hope and carry this inspiration for they both will enable them to better stem the tide of competition that has grown so sharp at every angle of life, and in after years to measure their success by the plumb line of experience, which, but for this same exuberance of spirit might have been failure. Here's to the young army of graduates who go out to do battle with the world this spring.

FORGIVE THEM FATHER.

To all hopeful hearts wishing the betterment of humanity, desiring that society advance upward, praying to see the church, the mistress of the world, the light upon the hill leading men to goodness and glory, the incident of last week comes as a heavy blow, forcing back the onward march of progress. That men who call themselves "Soldiers of Christ" marching in "peace and good will" should come any human being

a place in their ranks, fills with shame every heart who admires, reveres and loves the Great Master who embodied in Himself the spirit of love for all men.

The narrowness, the bigotry, the total ignorance of charity and good will of those men who abused and debased all high human sentiments and emotions—men who encouraged the colored people of Washington, and the states to labor and work to make this convention of the world's Sunday Schools a great success, men who accepted their money and their labor and then debared them from the fruit thereof, such men as these fall below contempt and awaken pity, not for themselves so much as for the upturning human hearts which they strove to drag down to their own shameful level.

The soul inspiring words which flamed the night's sky: JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD was caused and created as much by the offerings of hundreds of colored children as of any other, yet these men would deny, if they could, these children, their friends, brothers, sisters and parents the privilege of looking upon that Blessed Light.

As colored people this incident teaches us much. We must strive earnestly to find ourselves to know one another, to grow in fellowship, to unite our churches and our powers, to endeavor ourselves that we may be a force active for our own good and for the good of humanity.

You cannot mend broke hearts, submits the Chicago Tribune, with soft savor.

One reason, probably, why the women of Kansas do not care to vote, explains the Kansas City Times, is because they can.

About the sorriest man in town, to the Dallas News, is one who would rather be a good fellow than an honest one.

The sermons of the millionaires read well, to the Atlanta Constitution, when punctuated with hard, round dollars.

Maryland has adopted Black-eyed Susan as the State flower, but she won't let the women vote, laments the Toledo Blade.

Once Pittsburg Councilmen could command a price, but now, sighs the Philadelphia Public Ledger, they give themselves away.

If you tell the truth nowadays you don't shake the devil, declares the Pittsburg Dispatch, as much as you do some prominent citizen.

We hunt a lawyer, says the Commoner, when we want to get the best of a neighbor; a doctor when we want to get the best of ourselves.

"New York has the prettiest girls I ever saw," said Lord Kitchener just before he sailed, and as Lord Kitchener is a bachelor, declares the Boston Globe, his opinion is worthy of respect.

Mr. Johnston was injudicious enough to enter the parlor one evening without giving any warning of his approach, relates the Argonaut. The consequence was that he found his daughter and her sweetheart occupying a single chair. "Mr. Brown," said he severely, "when I was courting Mrs. Johnston she sat on one side of the room and I sat on the other." "Ah," said the daughter's admirer warmly, "that's exactly what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Johnston."

The movement to provide public playgrounds for city children is a crusade that speaks for itself, observes the Duluth Herald. Nobody who has witnessed the difference between children playing in streets or alleys and children playing in well equipped public playgrounds needs to be told that the movement is a splendid thing. The Duluth Playground Association, at Saturday's meeting, was able to show that its work thus far in this city has justified itself, and its request for subscriptions to a fund of \$1000 for new work should bring a prompt and generous response.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon attempts to sum up in a few pages in The Independent his own book on the evolution of matter. This investigator has devoted more time to psychological than material phenomena, but like thousands of others he has been captivated by the suggestive discoveries of the Curies, Messrs. Rutherford and Lody and Professor J. J. Thomson, and of late his inquiries have taken a new direction. Indeed, Dr. Le Bon has reported finding a form of invisible radiance different from anything previously observed. Other scientific men have been unable to get the same results as he when repeating his experiments, and have detected possibilities of self-deception which the Frenchman may have overlooked. Still, any doubt which may remain as to the existence of "N" rays should not influence any one's opinion concerning the soundness of Dr. Le Bon's ideas about matter. Indeed, these are largely shared by a number of well known physicists, and up to a certain point speculations of this kind are to be encouraged.

CURING A CAPITALIST

His Doctor Just Switched Him From Money Making to Basket Making.

The experience of "a capitalist, man of many millions," who broke down from overwork and was sent to "an occupation and exercise cure" near New York, is told in the Outlook. He had first consulted a famous specialist, but an examination had shown that he had no organic disease of any kind.

He told the physician that he was suffering from what he called "inward trembling," with palpitation of the heart, poor sleep, occasional dizziness, pain in the back of the neck, difficulty in concentrating his attention, and, most of all, from various apprehensions, such as that of being about to fail, of losing his mind, of sudden death—he was afraid to be alone, and was continually tired, worried and harassed. He was informed that these were merely the ordinary symptoms of neurasthenia and were not dangerous.

"One hundred per cent. of cases of neurasthenia are curable," said the specialist, and packed his client off to the "occupation and exercise cure."

The morning after his arrival, the capitalist was escorted to the arts and crafts shop connected with the cure, a forty-acre place in Westchester county. He was introduced to an efficient and businesslike young woman, the instructress, who explained to him the nature of the avocations in which he might choose to interest himself. Here, too, he found his fellow patients busily and apparently congenially employed.

In one of the shops a recent alumnus of one of the leading universities, who had undergone a nervous breakdown after graduation, was patiently hammering a sheet of brass with a view to converting it into a lampshade.

A matron of nearly 60, who had previously spent eight years in sanitariums, practically bedridden, was setting type in the printing office with greater activity than she had known before for two decades; two girls, one 16 and the other 12, the latter inclined to hysteria and the former once subject to acute nervous attacks, taking the cure in charge of trained nurses, were chattering gaily over a loom in the construction of a silk rag.

A business man from a Western city, like the New York capitalist, broken down from overwork, was earnestly modelling in clay what he hoped might eventually become a figurine; one of last season's debutantes, among the fashionable, who had been leading a life of too strenuous gaiety that had told on her nerves, was constructing a stamped leather portfolio with entire absorption.

And, last, out of nearly young women, were engaged at wood carving, bookbinding, block printing, tapestry weaving or basket making, each one of them under treatment for some nervous derangement.

The new patient decided to try his hand at basket making, and although he figured out that it would take him about four days to turn out a product that might sell for 10 cents, he was soon so much interested in mastering the manual details of the craft that he was disinclined to put the work aside when the medical superintendent suggested a horseback ride.

When, at the advice of the specialist, the capitalist had decided to try the occupation and exercise cure, he did so with little faith that it would restore him to health, though he felt that there was perhaps a slight chance that it might help him. The remedy seemed to him too simple to overcome a disease that was paralyzing his energies.

To his great surprise he began to improve at once, and though for the first week he got little sleep, and his dizziness, with the pain in the back of his neck and his apprehensions, continued to recur for weeks, they did so always at increasing intervals. He learned bookbinding, and sent to his library for some favorite volumes and put them into new dress; he made elaborate waste paper baskets and beat brass into ornamental desk trays, which he proudly presented to his friends in the city as specimens of his skill. Work with him, as with the others of the patients, was continually varied by recreation.

In the summer months there was lawn tennis, golf, croquet, canoeing, rowing, fishing, riding and driving. In winter such outdoor sports as skating, tobogganing, coasting, skiing, snowshoeing and lacrosse were varied by billiards, bowling, squash, the medicine ball and basket and tether ball.

The capitalist was astonished to find that he could take an interest in games. The net results of his experience was that at the end of four months he returned to New York sound in mind and body, feeling younger than he had for years.

Dangerous Dog Bite.

Many "mad dog" scares and frights come where a dog has eaten too much meat, or foul food, has become overheated, or suffers from lack of water. Again, mild strychnine poisoning in a dog may be mistaken for rabies. Many say there is no such thing as hydrophobia. Suppose there is not. Anyhow, dog bite seems dangerous, if its fright kills strong men. Friends of dogs and owners of valuable ones, by aiding to keep homeless dogs off city streets, will lend a helping hand against the prevalent and spreading dog prejudice which has grown up hereabout in the last year or two.—New York Press.

Where to Find Sympathy.

The Poet—What misery is recognized. Where can I find sympathy?
Unsympathetic Friend—In the dictionary, under the letter S.
Donat.

The palm tree's life is 250 years.

GLEANINGS

Wreckless railroads will come when reckless railroadings goes, puns the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lamps, explains the Chicago Tribune, are to be known by their radiance, not by the racket they make.

As some see it, an elastic conscience, suggests the Dallas News, is more respectable than a rubberneck.

The nine leading articles of export from Brazil are coffee, rubber, tobacco, sugar, mate, cacao, cotton, hides, skins.

A man can generally make his wife happy, muses the New York Times, by talking back when she is looking for an argument.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but, to the Philadelphia Record, the probabilities are that the lie will be there first.

The latest fashionable wedding in New York brought out the usual crowd of well-dressed barbarians, sneers the Providence Journal.

You are not really having a good time today, asserts the Commoner, if a couple of weeks from now you would be happy if you could forget it.

England's naval budget calls for \$203,018,500 to provide 30 more war craft. Provision for England's impoverished and unemployed, notes the Philadelphia Ledger, is another problem.

Long sharp hatpins have been tabooed by law in Chicago, and the women now declare that they are entirely defenceless while on the streets. A compromise allowing them to wear twelve-inch hatpins with scabbards, says the Washington Herald, has been suggested.

A producer arrested in New York City and charged with being responsible for a public exhibition of indecency, tried writing a play a couple of years ago and was convicted of a public exhibition of stupidity. The indecent play, declares the Louisville Courier-Journal, is often a last resort of the incapable.

Submits the Providence Journal: Probably the majority of the saloon keepers would rather observe the law than break it. The present perverted condition will not be overthrown at once; perhaps it never will be overthrown except by a steady, unrelenting, and unflinching effort.

The Philadelphia Inquirer complains: A parcel weighing four pounds can be sent from Philadelphia to Hankow, a city in the heart of China, seven or eight hundred miles from the coast, for 48 cents, whereas, the charge for the transmission of such a parcel across the Delaware to Camden, is 64 cents. Moreover, the weight limit is four pounds in the domestic case and eleven pounds in the other. This is sufficiently absurd but thus far all attempts to induce Congress to amend the situation as common sense and the public convenience require have failed.

District Attorney Wayman of Chicago, will urge the passage of a law providing for the simplification of the form of indictments. "More power to his elbow," says the Chicago Tribune, which adds: "The ease with which indictments are shot full of holes by acute counsel is a public scandal to justice and a chief cause of the delay in punishing criminals who have money enough to hire acute counsel and pay for appeals to the review courts. The hall thief may not profit by this. But the big criminal finds it altogether too easy to escape the pursuit of justice in the jungle of legal verbiage. One charged with a crime should be informed in plain and unequivocal terms what the charge is."

Impure milk is not cheap at any price, insists the Boston Herald. Protestants against the board of health order requiring all milk retailed to be sold in bottles must find some argument other than the consequent advance in price with which to combat this health regulation if they would succeed. There is little use in enforcing sanitary regulations as to the handling of the milk supply from the time of production, through collection and the earlier phases of distribution if in the final and widespread scattered distributing centers, more difficult of supervision than the central depots, the supply is allowed to be kept in open receptacles, to be dipped out and handled with no protection against disease germs. If the milk supply requires protection that protection should be maintained until it reaches the consumer.

Employment of the so-called "third degree" in extracting information from persons accused of serious crime, was defended by police officials at the meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia, reports the Hartford Times. Police Superintendent Baker, of New York City, and Maj. Sylvester, of Washington, D. C., pronounced the "third degree" a myth, and strongly defended the sharp questioning of a person charged with a serious offense. They insist that there is no punishment or torture, mental or physical, in the process generally applied. If it hadn't been for the series of loaded interrogations hurled at Erasmun G. Geer, the Springfield murderer, it wouldn't have been a long time before confessed to having committed a lot of felonies.

RELIGION FOR MEN

The Present Demand for Replenishment of the Churches with Masculine Virtues.

In the shifting conditions of modern life thoughtful minds are pondering the best ways of adapting church machinery to new problems. One of the features of the present awakening of religious interest is the demand for a replenishment of the churches with the masculine virtues. The demand is not premature. The census shows that in most of the denominations the women outnumber the men nearly two to one. The Christian Scientists, naturally enough, lead off with the largest percentage of women; in that communion the "mother" element might be expected to prevail. The highest percentage of men is found in some of the Lutheran divisions, which may be explained in part by the fact that all the children, male and female, are required to learn the catechism and be confirmed; but it is doubtful whether the proportion of adult males in actual service of the church is larger among the Lutherans than among the other sects.

Various explanations of this disproportion of sex are offered. It is sometimes intimated that the types of religion presented by the churches are more adapted to the feminine than to the masculine mind; but if that were true it would still be questionable whether it was a cause or a consequence. Some light is thrown upon the question by the fact that the church is not the only field of activity in which we find a large preponderance of women. Public education is largely in the hands of women; they are giving to the fine arts far more attention than men, and among our philanthropic workers they are in a heavy majority. The spiritual side of civilization seems to be committed quite largely to their care. The reason is that the men are so much engrossed in the development of the material side of civilization that they find little time for these higher pursuits. The consequences of this neglect by men of the superior interests of their lives we have been reaping in the appalling infidelities and dishonesties which have recently been uncovered. It is true that the men have been dropping out of the churches and losing interest in religious matters, and it does not look as though this were working well. In the quarters where this tendency has been most shown there has clearly been a marked decrease in masculine morality. It begins to be questionable whether sound character is likely to be sustained apart from the spiritual ideals.

If it be evident that the men need religion, it is not less evident that religion needs the men. God made mankind in His image, male and female, the female qualities corresponding to one side of the divinity that is in us, and the masculine qualities to the other, and the complete revelation requires both. A church which is two-thirds women cannot fully represent this divine life; it cannot make a true impression of the great realities of religion upon the community in which it stands. There can be no doubt that the church has been greatly enfeebled by this withdrawal of a large number of men from active participation in its life.

It is the discovery of this fact that awakened the widespread interest now finding expression in the brotherhoods springing into vigorous life in all the Christian denominations. The Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the Episcopal church has long been an efficient organization, and the healthy growth of that communion is due in large part to this agency. But all the other denominations are now rallying their men for similar service; in great conventions, East and West, the men of the churches are coming together to envisage their tasks and shoulder their responsibilities. Some of the most enthusiastic gatherings which have recently taken place in this country are these assemblies of men, stirred by the religious motive, and eager to find ways in which they may promote the work of the churches. For the most part their action has been entirely rational; they have not proposed much new machinery; they have usually sought to know how they might apply their own power more efficiently to the machinery already in operation.

The Ignorant Unbeliever.
The late Nell Burgess used to clutch, with an anecdote, his claim that atheists were always ignorant. "A coarse, swaggering fellow," he would begin, "declared in a barber shop: 'I don't believe in no hereafter. You live and die, and that's the end of ye.' 'Why, you must be a Unitarian, George,' the barber said. 'Huh, not me!' was the reply. 'I'm too fond of meat for that.'—Minneapolis Journal.

A Grand Future.
"That boy surely will go to Congress when he grows up," says the father, after a vain effort to convince his young hopeful of the enormity of continued disobedience.

"What makes you think that?" the mother asks.
"Every time we send him to do something he does just what we don't want him to do and then comes home and argues it was what we wanted, but that we didn't know it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Dead Swell.
A young girl, incorrigibly given to slang, went with her mother to the funeral of an aunt. The dead woman had been strikingly handsome in life, and her features retained all their attractiveness. "How do you think Aunt Blanche looks?" asked the mother, when they had viewed the corpse. "Enthusiastically," replied the girl, "Dead swell, didn't she, mother?"

THE PANTHER AND THE DOG

In 1795 Joseph Ingham, of Quaker parentage, removed from Berks County (of which he was a native), to Bradford County, Pa., when it was a "howling wilderness," in which roamed panthers, bears, wolves, wild cats and deers. Like all the other early settlers, he lived in a small log house, until able to build a better residence. Like the others, he and his family endured great hardships and privations, which are unavoidable in settling in a wooded country without roads, churches, mills, or stores, or mail facilities. Often the whole neighborhood (a short time before harvest) would be entirely out of grain of any kind, and would have starved had not greens been plentiful, and droves of deer in the woods which supplied them with meat.

Wild animals at that time were numerous in the woods, and destructive to sheep, swine and poultry. To protect his farm stock Mr. Ingham raised two dogs. When quite young though brothers of the same age and size, they differed wonderfully in disposition and conduct. One of them was bright, vigilant, active, displaying great intelligence, and giving promise of making a useful watch dog. The other acted stupid, dull, lazy, sleeping most of the time. Not much was expected of him. When full grown, an amazing change had taken place in their characters and conduct. The bright, vigilant pup, became a lazy cowardly cur, and could not be induced to take a pig by the ear. The stupid, sleepy pup developed into one of the most intelligent, courageous and watchful dogs in the county. He was known to seize a bull by the nose on the full run, and throw him flat on the ground by jerking his head to one side. He seemed to be always awake, and on guard, day and night. The one was a valuable dog, the other good for nothing.

"One night," said my father, "I was awakened by the howling of the cowardly dog. When I got up in the morning he led me upon the orchard hill above the house. The other dog was missing. A tracking snow had fallen the evening before, and I found the tracks of a wild beast and the dog's tracks. The wild beast had come from the woods and started for the sheep. He had been intercepted by the dogs and turned on his back tracks, evidently having given up his intentions of feasting on mutton and not feeling sure he could whip two dogs that appeared warlike and furious. When about fifteen rods from the house, the courageous dog had attacked him. If he had expected any assistance from his cowardly brother he did not get it. The cowardly brother believed that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' and had kept himself at a safe distance from the combat. There were evidences of a desperate fight between the dog and wild beast. The snow for rods around was trampled, and bloody where the combatants had fought, standing on their hind legs and fought on the ground, rolling and scrambling. The wild beast was a panther, larger and with sharper teeth and claws than the dog, who died on the battle field in the unequal contest, and when found was partly eaten up by the panther, the remains having been dragged about a dozen rods and buried under the roots of a tree that had lately been blown down by the wind. Evidently the panther intended to come back in the night and make a supper out of the remains. 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.' The panther never ate any more of the dog. My father and 'Life' Marsh—a noted hunter—started in pursuit of the panther with dogs and guns. He had gone about a mile into the woods, pawed together some leaves from under the snow to make a bed and had lain down to rest after his exhaustion from titling with the dog. Started up from his slumber by the dogs, he sprang into a tree, which was just what the hunters wanted, but bad management of himself. He was soon dispatched by the rifles of his pursuers, and when he fell to the ground dead, the cowardly dog became very brave and bit and shook the lifeless panther as long as he was allowed to do so.—J. W. Ingham, Jr. the Indiana Farmer.

ROMAN WEATHER IN ENGLAND.
When the Romans did us the honor of living in England they seem to have enjoyed better weather than their successors of to-day. For Mr. Clement Reid assures us that the fig and grape seeds which he has dug out of Roman dust-heaps at Silchester, Caerwent and Pevensey were the offspring of fig trees and vines that grew on our native soil. Of the plants introduced by the Romans these ancient dust-heaps reveal the pea, the mulberry, the apple; but the peach, the apricot and the almond seeds are all missing. The fact that all the fruits and spices found are only such as could be grown in Britain now seems to show that the Romans were not importers of fruit in the dried state, and that the mulberry seeds represent a native growth.—Washington Star.

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EAST DEANWOOD D. C.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD'S GARDEN.

Ernest was five years old when he went with papa and mamma to spend the Easter holidays with Aunt Jessica and Uncle William and the cousins on the farm.

Ralph and James were older than Ernest; but they had fine times playing together, and the two country boys were proud and happy to show their city cousin all the wonders of the hillside.

The big garden, which had just been plowed and made into beds ready for the planting, interested Ernest very much, especially when his cousins told him that this year they were going to have a garden all their own, and were to raise radishes and lettuce and peas and beans and corn, and all the other good things that go to make up a fine vegetable garden.

"Oh, I'm going to ask papa if I can't have a garden!" cried Ernest.

"Ho! in your little coddled up back yard!" laughed James.

"I guess you'd raise about one cucumber and two peas," chuckled Ralph.

"Why, I don't see why I can't," replied Ernest, his face sober and a little grieved.

"There's isn't room enough, chicken! It takes room for corn and beans and such things, don't you know? Besides, you aren't old enough to take care of them, that's why!"

"I'm going to have my cabbages here," called Ralph. "Where will you have yours, James?"

So Ernest followed his cousins around the patch that had been set aside for them and listened to their nappy planning, his heart disappointed and sore.

But, when they were home again, and he ventured to ask papa about the coveted garden, papa seemed to be of an altogether different opinion from his cousins.

"A capital idea," papa said. "It will be good for you, even if nothing more comes from it. And who knows but you can raise enough for quite a taste! I'll have the ground spaded right away."

"And you'll get the seeds, and let me plant them?" broke in Ernest, excitedly.

"Sure, boy! You shall have all the seeds the yard will hold."

Those spring days were full of joy. Papa showed Ernest how to handle the small garden tools that he bought for him, and told him how to plant and how to take care of his little seedlings when they were up. Oh, how much Ernest did learn! And what a faithful little farmer he was!

One day before frost time the country aunt and uncle and cousins came down for a short visit. Of course, Ernest had to talk about his garden, the very first thing.

"Yes, I'm glad you stirred up my boy on gardening," added papa. "He has really done wonders this summer in our little back yard. We have had lettuce and radishes and peas and beans and bush lima and corn—"

"Bantam corn," put in Ernest, "and patty-pan squashes!"

"It is a great garden," laughed papa. "The tomatoes are coming on finely now; we can have some for dinner, can't we, Ernest?"

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "Perhaps they aren't so big as yours," turning toward his cousins, "but they're good. You've got a beautiful garden, I suppose."

Ralph and James did not answer. They wriggled uneasily in their chairs.

Their father laughed. "You ought to see their garden," he said. "They've got the best crop of weeds on the block—but not much else to be heard there—trying to discourage last spring, but you can't see them now!"

But Ernest did not say a word. He said, "I'm sorry."

"Anyway, we'll have a year," declared Ralph, "don't!"—Emma C.